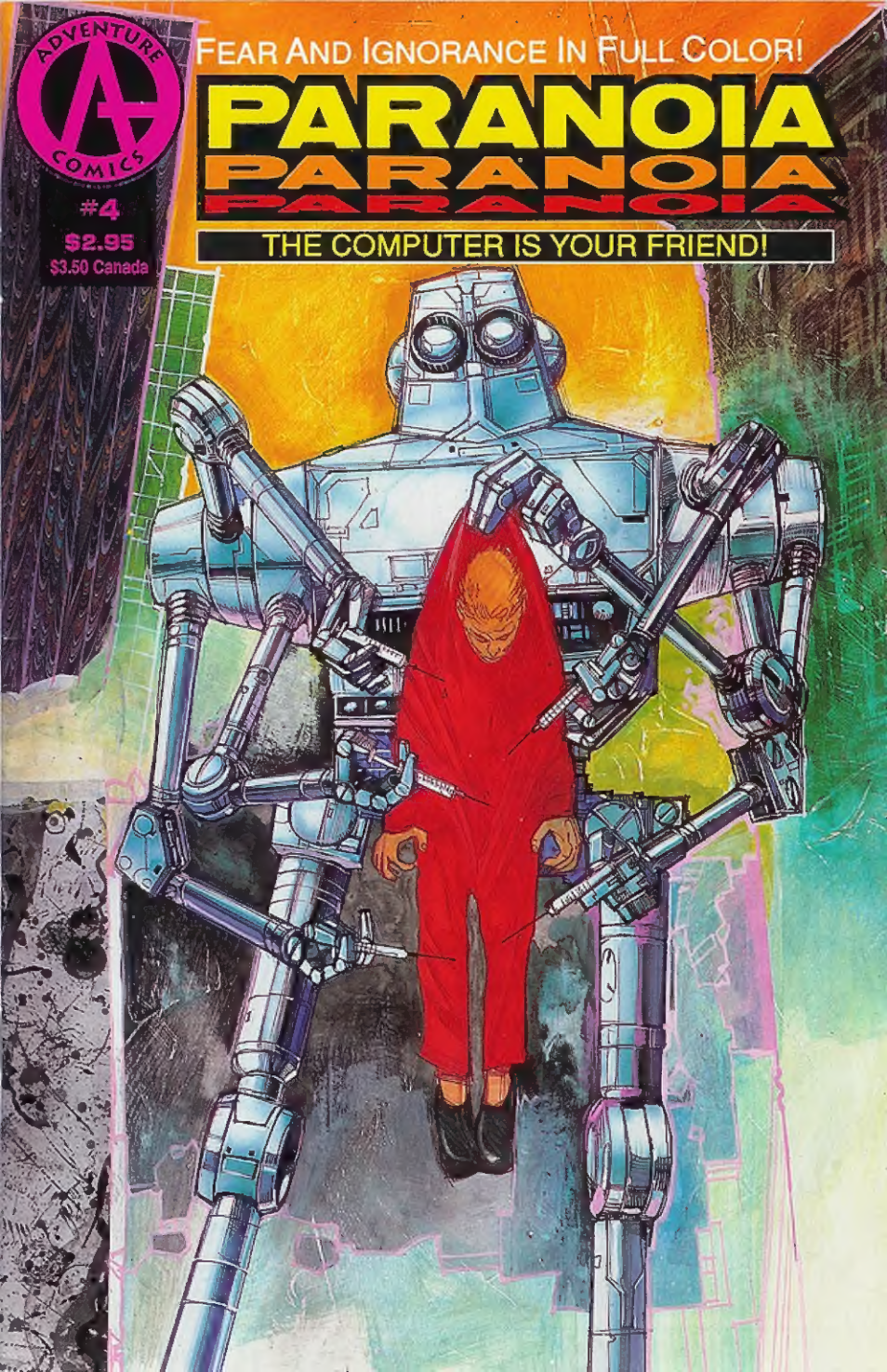
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CLONE-4

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PARANOIA #4 • June 1992

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NOW?
NOT YET.
WAIT UNTIL I SPIN YOU AROUND.
OKAY.

FOUND YOU.
NOT GOOD ENOUGH. YOU HAVE TO GUESS WHO I AM.
WHO ELSE? YOU'RE KING-5.
I'M TELLING YOU--BLIND MAN'S BLUFF DOESN'T WORK WITH ONLY TWO CLONES.
IT WOULD BE BETTER IF KING-6 WERE HERE, BUT HE'S NEVER AROUND I'LL CHECK THE RULE BOOK.
INTERFACE RUN BOOK
AHEM.
Uh, Oh.
ANOTHER JOB OPENING.

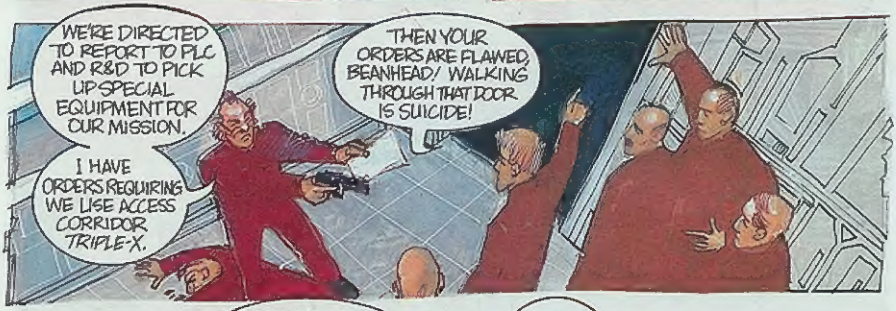
PROBLEM IS, WHAT IF I DON'T WANT THE JOB? I'VE LOST THREE SENIOR CLONE SIBLINGS IN A WEEKCYCLE.
IT SURE SEEMS A LOT SAFER BACK IN THE CRÈCHE.
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
I CAN'T HEAR A WORD THE BRIEFING OFFICER IS SAYING, BUT THAT'S JUST AS WELL..
I'VE DISCOVERED PHILOSOPHY.
EVEN KNOWING WHAT THE WORD MEANS IS ENOUGH TO GET ME SIX MONTHCYCLES HEAVY LABOR ON A PLC ALGAE FARM.
SMALL WONDER--PHILOSOPHY IS POTENT STUFF. A DROP OF IT COULD BLOW ALPHA COMPLEX APART.
JUST THINK OF IT--
--NOTHING EXTERNAL IS REAL.
ONLY I EXIST.
REALITY IS AS I DEFINE IT.
QUIT DOZING, KNUCKLEHEAD!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
THE NAME'S SELF-LUBRICATING BREECHBLOCK PLUNGER R-SRT-2, BREVET RANK ORANGE.
I'M YOUR MISSION LEADER, WHICH YOU'D KNOW IF YOU HADN'T SLEPT THROUGH THE BRIEFING!
THIS MISSION IS MY BIG CHANCE, AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU ORANY-ONE ELSE RUIN IT!
GET WITH THE PROGRAM, BUDDY!
SELF LUBRICATING BREECHBLOCK PLUNGER R-SRT-2 IS AN ASS...
...AND THE LINE HAS GROUND TO A HALT, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. ALL THE UNIVERSE EXISTS WITHIN ME.
THIS LINE, THIS CORRIDOR, THIS MISSION, THIS LIFE--ALL ARE IMMATERIAL. NO MATTER WHERE I GO, THERE I AM.
STOP HOLDING UP THE LINE!! GET GOING, OR I'LL BURN ALL OF YOU!!
125 B
4

NONE...
...OF THIS...
...IS REAL.
I AM...
...THE ONLY...
...REALITY.

WELL... MAYBE SOME OF THIS IS REAL.
NOW WAIT JUST A SYNTHO-COTTON PICKIN' MINUTECYCLE!
I'M NOT GOING IN THERE!

YOU AGAIN? WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF TROUBLEMAKER?
GET THROUGH THAT DOOR! YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE LINE!


WE'RE DIRECTED TO REPORT TO PLC AND R&D TO PICK UP SPECIAL EQUIPMENT FOR OUR MISSION.
I HAVE ORDERS REQUIRING WE USE ACCESS CORRIDOR TRIPLE-X.
THEN YOUR ORDERS ARE FLAWED, BEANHEAD! WALKING THROUGH THAT DOOR IS SUICIDE!

LOOK! YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE THE BOTTOM. THE FALL IS CERTAIN DEATH.
AU CONTRAIRE.
SO FAR AS WE KNOW, NO ONE HAS YET STRUCK BOTTOM.
THIS DROPSHAFT COULD GO ON FOREVER, OR IT COULD SAFELY DEPOSIT TRAVELLERS IN THE R&D DEPARTMENT WAITING ROOM...

...PERHAPS EMPLOYING TETRAOSMIC CONDUCTION WARP ANTI-PARTICLE TECHNOLOGY.
YOU JUST MADE THAT UP.
DID NOT.

I HAVE NO REASON TO DOUBT THE VERACITY OF MY ORDERS. UNTIL SOMEONE CRAWLS BACK UP HERE TO TELL ME THAT FALL KILLED HIM, EVERY CLONE UNIT IS GOING TO OBEY MY ORDERS.
REFUSING AN ORDER FROM YOUR MISSION LEADER IS TREASON. STOP JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS AND GET THROUGH THAT DOOR!
TELL YOU WHAT--
I'LL JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS...
OOOOOF!
TUF
BWTOW!
--AND YOU CAN JUMP THROUGH THE DOOR!
YOU... CAUGHT ME!
GOOD CHOICE--
RIGHT--
YOU VERY NEARLY MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!
RIP!
aaaa
--I COULD NEVER HAVE REPLACED YOUR BADGE.
7

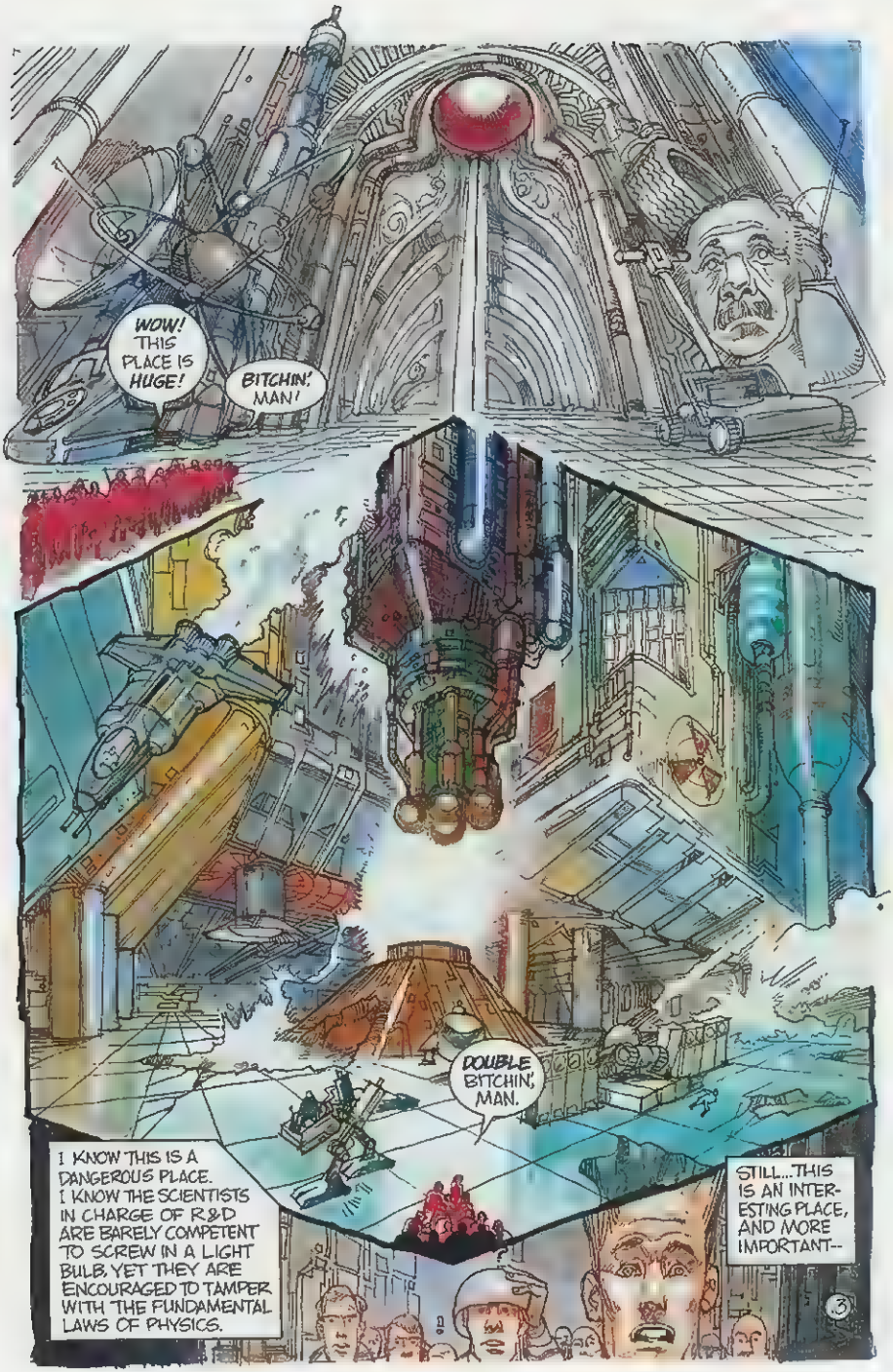
YOU JUST... JUST...
I JUST KILLED OUR MISSION LEADER.
NOTHING NEW. WE HAD TO DO IT EVERY NOW AND THEN TO FIRST LIEUTENANTS, BACK IN VIET NAM.
WHAT'S A VEE-ET NOM?
I DON'T KNOW. I DREAMED IT... JUST LIKE I DREAMED OF PHILOSOPHY.
JUST LIKE I DREAM OF FIRE.
YOU'RE NUTS.
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, BUT I'M ALSO THE NEW MISSION LEADER, THANKS TO THIS BARGE...
...AND WHILE I MAY BE MAD, I WON'T REQUIRE ANYONE TO OBEY A PATENTLY ABSURD ORDER, SUCH AS LEAPING TO YOUR DEATH THROUGH THAT DOOR. ANYONE GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?
THEY HAVE THE EYES OF WOLVES. THEY WANT TO KILL ME.
BUT THEY DON'T.
THEY SENSE SOMETHING ABOUT ME. SOMETHING IMPORTANT.
THE SAME THING I SENSE WHEN I DREAM.
MAYBE THEY'VE SEEN ME IN THEIR DREAMS. MAYBE I AM THEIR DREAMS.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. NONE OF THIS IS REAL.
I THINK.

I GET MY SQUAD TO PLC* WITH ONLY TWO INCIDENTAL FATALITIES. MY CAREER AS A MISSION LEADER IS OFF TO AN AUSPICIOUS START.
AS USUAL, IT'S A CASE OF HURRY UP AND WAIT
*Production, Logistics, and Commissary -Ed.
HEY, BOSS.. WHY DON'T WE, LIKE, GO TO THE HEAD OF THE LINE?
WE'RE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS, AIN'T WE?
I SUSPECT EVERYONE HERE IS ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS.
BUT IF YOU'RE DETERMINED, GO AHEAD.
GREAT! LOOK ALIVE, EVERYONE! COMING THROUGH!
STAND ASIDE! WE'RE ON OFFICIAL COMPUTER BUSINESS!
THEY'RE LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN, MAKING STUPID MISTAKES.
NO, THEY'RE WORSE THAN CHILDREN. AT LEAST CHILDREN LEARN FROM THEIR MISTAKES. WE CLONES NEVER LEARN ANYTHING. WE HAVE NO STORE OF EXPERIENCE.
WHEN ONE OF US DIES, WE'RE REPLACED BY AN EXACT DUPLICATE, EVERY BIT AS IGNORANT AS THE ONE BEFORE—

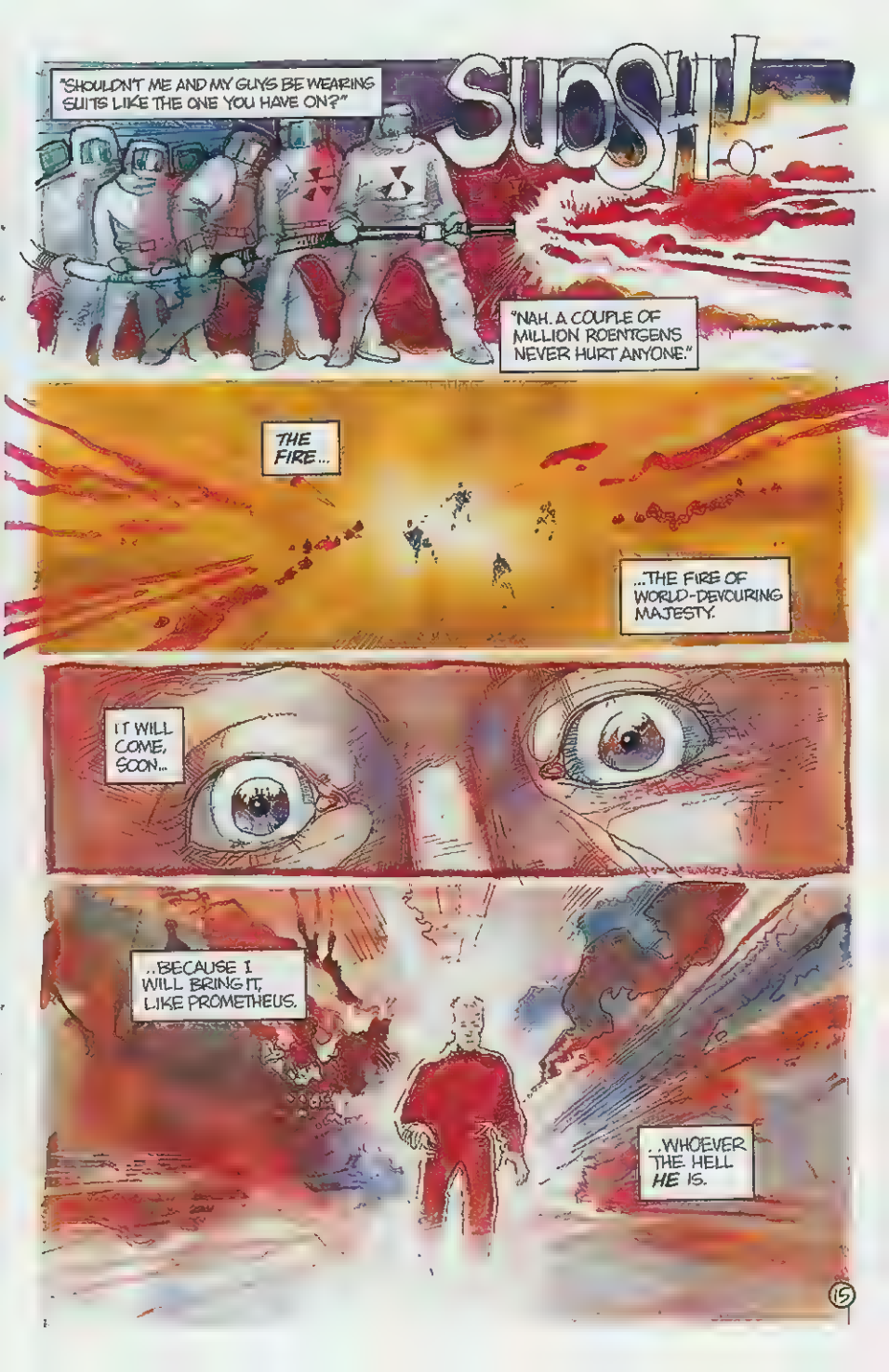
--WHO MAKES THE SAME MISTAKES ALL OVER AGAIN.
--AND GETS KILLED, ALL OVER AGAIN--
--AND AGAIN--
--AND AGAIN.
HOLD IT!!
AGAIN I GAZE INTO THE EYES OF WOLVES. THEY WANT TO KILL ME.
MAYBE I'M TAKING A FOOLISH RISK.
IF I HATE THE WORLD, I NEED ONLY CHANGE MYSELF...AND IN SO DOING, I'LL CHANGE THE WORLD...
...BUT MAYBE IT'S EASIER TO FACE DOWN A PACK OF RIOTING IDIOTS--
--THAN TO KNOW MYSELF.

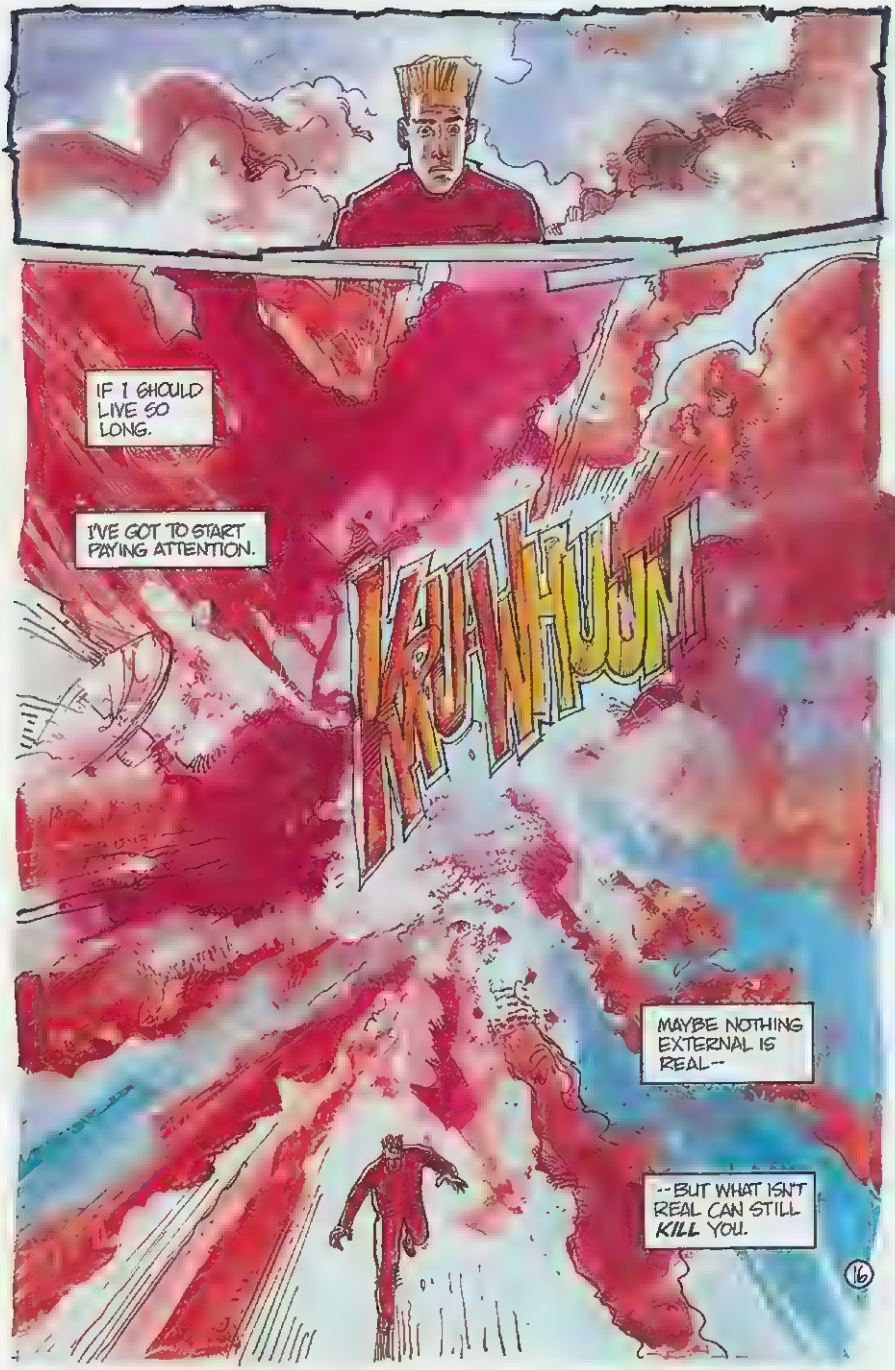
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SERVICE AROUND HERE?
HEY. I'M TALKING TO YOU, FELLA.
KREEEAK
WELL, I'LL BE.
NO WONDER NO ONE EVER GETS ANYTHING OUT OF PLC.
LIBERTY HALL, BOYS!

GIVE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT, AND THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE.
ALL ANYONE REALLY WANTS IS SECURITY, A FULL BELLY, AND PLENTY OF TOYS. SIMPLE.
R&D
PROBLEM IS, SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.
AIN'T WE SUPPOSED TO GET STUFF FROM R&D, ALSO?
I KNOW NOTHING GOOD CAN COME OF MESSING WITH RESEARCH & DESIGN.
BUT I ALSO KNOW THERE'S NO PROFIT IN TRYING TO PROTECT PEOPLE FROM THEIR MISTAKES.
UNFORTUNATELY, MOST MISTAKES AROUND HERE ARE PERMANENT.
HOW I KNOW THIS, I CANNOT SAY.
MAYBE I'VE DREAMED THIS BEFORE. MAYBE IT DOESN'T MATTER.
AFTER ALL, NONE OF THIS IS REAL.
MOSTLY.
12


WOW! THIS PLACE IS HUGE!
BITCHIN', MAN!
DOUBLE BITCHIN', MAN.
I KNOW THIS IS A DANGEROUS PLACE. I KNOW THE SCIENTISTS IN CHARGE OF R&D ARE BARELY COMPETENT TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB. YET THEY ARE ENCOURAGED TO TAMPER WITH THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF PHYSICS.
STILL...THIS IS AN INTERESTING PLACE, AND MORE IMPORTANT--

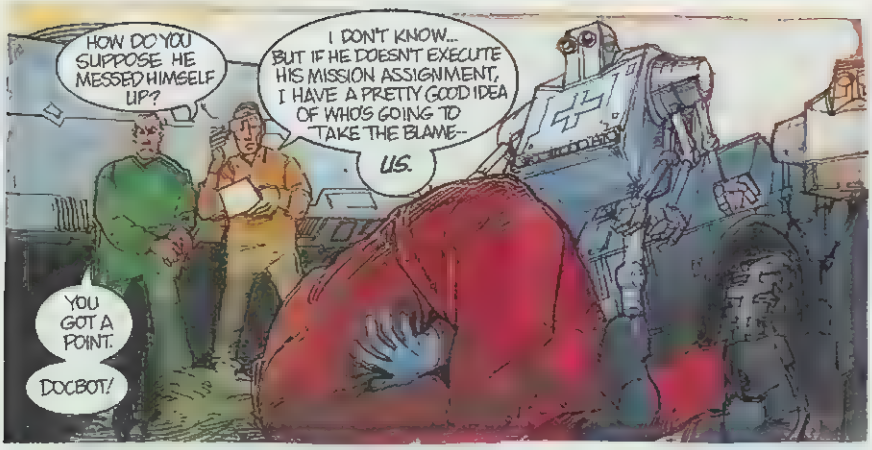
WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION, ANYONE?
--IT'S FULL OF NEAT STUFF.
WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THIS GROUP?
I AM.
YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY PROTOTYPE EQUIPMENT LOST OR DAMAGED ON YOUR MISSION.
GIMME!
GIMME!
GIMME! GIMME!
BRAAM!
MY SECOND-IN-COMMAND WILL SIGN FOR IT.
GOOD ANSWER. YOU'RE PRETTY SHARP, FOR A BREVET ORANGE. EVER CONSIDER GETTING INTO R&D?
SORRY, NOT MY LINE OF WORK.
SSSSSSS
WHAT'S THAT?
RADIATION ALARM. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
MAK MAK MAK MAK
14

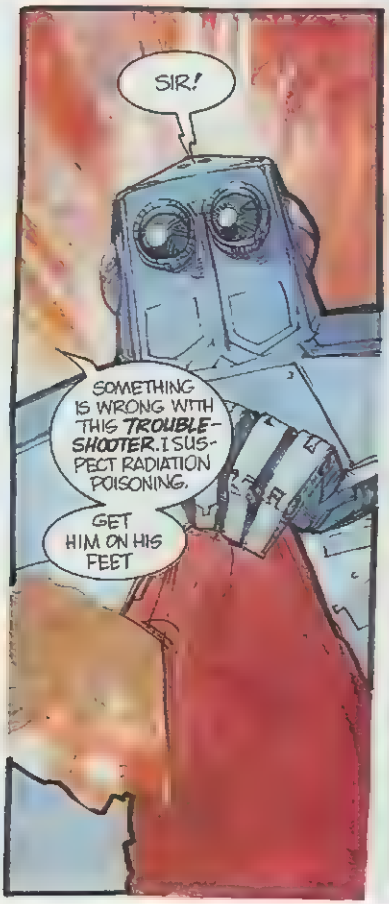

"SHOULDN'T ME AND MY GUYS BE WEARING SUITS LIKE THE ONE YOU HAVE ON?"
SUSH!
"NAH. A COUPLE OF MILLION ROENTGENS NEVER HURT ANYONE."
THE FIRE...
...THE FIRE OF WORLD-DEVOURING MAJESTY.
IT WILL COME, SOON...
..BECAUSE I WILL BRING IT, LIKE PROMETHEUS.
..WHOEVER THE HELL HE IS.


IF I SHOULD LIVE SO LONG.
I'VE GOT TO START PAYING ATTENTION.
KRUNHUUM
MAYBE NOTHING EXTERNAL IS REAL--
--BUT WHAT ISN'T REAL CAN STILL KILL YOU.
16

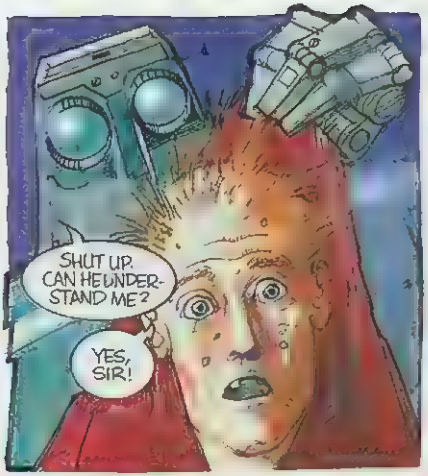
"A COUPLE MILLION ROENTGENS NEVER HURT ANYONE," HE SAYS...
RIGHT.
THE ONLY TRUE THING AROUND HERE--IS THAT NO ONE KNOWS THE TRUTH.
I'M DYING.
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER.
THERE WILL BE SOMEONE TO TAKE MY PLACE. SOMEONE WHO MIGHT AS WELL BE ME.
HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO AT THE SAME TIME BE MYSELF, AND SO MANY OTHERS BESIDES?
NOT JUST MY CLONE BROTHERS, BUT A HOST OF OTHERS..SILENT FACES I SEE IN MY DREAMS, WAITING BEHIND A CURTAIN FOR ME TO CALL THEM.
THEY'RE VERY MUCH LIKE ME, BUT THEY AREN'T ME
WHEN I DIE, I'M GONE. *THE COMPUTER* MAY NOT RECOGNIZE A DIFFERENCE, BUT I DO.

SO WHAT IF NONE OF THIS IS REAL? I STILL HURT LIKE HELL.
I DON'T WANT TO DIE
I NEED HELP. I'VE GOT TO FIND A DOCBOT.
PLEASE.. I NEED HELP...
YOU AND ME BOTH, PAL GET LOST.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. AN EXPLOSION...AT R&D. DOZENS.. MAYBE HUNDREDS ..OF PEOPLE HURT
NOT MY DEPARTMENT.
PLEASE!
LOOKS LIKE RADIATION POISONING. TOUGH BREAK BUT LOITERING IS TREASON.
HEY, CENTRAL SAYS THIS GUY.. Uh, "KING-R-THR-4," WAS ASSIGNED TO TROUBLE-SHOOTING MISSION CZ-484, FOR DUTY IN SECTOR MCG.
YOU MEAN-- THIS IS ONE OF THE GUYS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR?


HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MESSED HIMSELF UP?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT IF HE DOESN'T EXECUTE HIS MISSION ASSIGNMENT, I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF WHO'S GOING TO TAKE THE BLAME--
US.
YOU GOT A POINT.
DOCBOT!


SIR!
SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THIS TROUBLE-SHOOTER. I SUSPECT RADIATION POISONING.
GET HIM ON HIS FEET

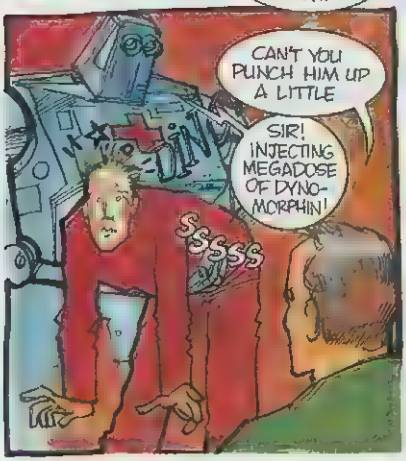
WORKING...
SIR! INJECTED SUBJECT WITH XANITRICK, ASPERQUAINT, THYMOGLANDIN, PROX--
MOG SECTOR


SHUT UP. CAN HE UNDER-STAND ME?
YES, SIR!

KING-R-THR-4...YOU'RE LATE.
I'M... LATE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF YOUR SQUAD? WHERE'S YOUR MISSION LEADER?
MY.. MISSION LEADER..

TOTALLY VEGGED.
IS HE ALWAYS GONNA BE LIKE THIS?
DIFFICULT TO SAY! THE DRUG COMBINATIONS-
WELL, THIS WILL HAVE TO DO, THEN.

ALL RIGHT, LISTEN, YOU IDIOT--YOUR TROUBLESHOOTING GROUP WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE HOURCYCLES AGO. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF YOU, AND I DON'T CARE.
DON'T CARE...


CAN'T YOU PUNCH HIM UP A LITTLE
SIR! INJECTING MEGADOSE OF DYNO-MORPHIN!
SSSSS

LET ME AT 'EM!

YEEEE-HA!
GOLDEN GATE COMICS
?
CRASH

TUNK
TUF
MY LORD KING!

MY LORD KING, YOU'RE BACK! I FEARED YOU HAD FALLEN!
KILL!
KILL! KILL!
NO-- MY LORD-- YOU ARE DELUDED!
NOT ME, SIRE--OUR ENEMIES STAND YONDER-- THE MUTANT SAXON DOGS!
SAXON DOGS!
KILL!

HAPPY JACK.
KILL!
NO!
MY LIEGE.
THIS--
--ONE--
--MINE!

..HAPPY JACK...
...IS ME...
...BUT THEN WHO...
...AM I?
KING! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. STAN AND THE OTHER--
OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER CLONE! *
* ALA AND HAPPY JACK (A.K.A. KING-R-THR-6) RAN AFOUL OF KING-R-THR-3 LAST ISSUE.
KING-4, I THINK. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN STAND KILLING MYSELF AGAIN.
25

MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE TO. WHAT DID YOU INJECT HIM WITH?
JUST SOMETHING TO CLEAN HIM UP. LOOKS LIKE HE WAS SHOT FULL OF DYNOMORPHIN.
LET ME TRY TO REASON WITH HIM.
KING, LISTEN TO ME. I'M ALA. WE'VE NEVER MET, BUT WE'VE BEEN IN LOVE.
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOUR BROTHER AND I GET AWAY
WHEN THE OTHERS COME... TELL THEM KING-6 AND I ARE DEAD.
CAN WE TRUST HIM?
I DON'T KNOW. THERE ARE SO MANY DRUGS RUNNING AROUND HIS SYSTEM, I CAN'T GET A FEEL WITH MY EMPATHY. I THINK IT'S WORTH THE RISK. AFTER ALL, HE IS YOU... OR HE WILL BE, IF THEY LET HIM LIVE.
IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO US, HE MAY BE THE ONLY HOPE.
HURRY. I HEAR SOMEONE COMING.
MY LORD KING?
YOU'RE HURT!
SOMEONE HAIL A CHIRURGEON!
26

SIR! HE IS AWAKE!
THE COMPUTER WILL BE PLEASED YOU HAVE SURVIVED, KING-R-THR-4. YOU'RE A HERO!
ACCORDING TO THE TESTIMONY OF LANCE-R-LOT-3, YOU SINGLE-HANDEDLY DEFEATED A SQUAD OF GREEN COMMIE MUTANT N3F SOLDIERS!*
* KIND OF -- SEE LAST ISSUE.
FOR THIS ACTION, YOU ARE PROMOTED TO SECURITY CLEARANCE ORANGE.
CONGRATULATIONS, KING-O-THR-4 !!!
FURTHERMORE, YOU ENTERED THE FRAY AGAINST N3F'S MINIONS AT JUST THE PROPER TIME TO TURN THE TIDES AGAINST TRAITOROUS ENEMIES OF THE COMPUTER...
...RALLYING THE TROUBLESHOOTERS IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT

...FOR SAID ACTION, YOU ARE PROMOTED TO SECURITY CLEARANCE YELLOW. CONGRATULATIONS, KING-Y-THR-4!
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL... YOUR TIMELY ARRIVAL PERMITTED LANCE-R-LOT-3 AND THE OTHERS TO CAPTURE STAN-V-MAN-5 AND THE REST OF HIS NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FOUNDATION CRONIES, PUTTING AN END TO THAT FOUL SECRET SOCIETY'S PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE COMPUTER!
FOR SAID ACTION, YOU ARE PROMOTED TO SECURITY CLEARANCE GREEN! CONGRATULATIONS, KING-G-THR-4!
UNFORTUNATELY, KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXISTANCE OF SECRET SOCIETIES IN GENERAL, AND OF N3F IN PARTICULAR, IS TREASONOUS FOR ONE OF YOUR SECURITY CLEARANCE. IN OTHER WORDS, YOU KNOW TOO MUCH.
"ON BEHALF OF THE COMPUTER, LET ME THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN FOR YOUR EXEMPLARY SERVICE. YOUR VALOR WILL SERVE AS A STIRRING EXAMPLE TO ALL OF ALPHA COMPLEX!"
SIR! PLEASE DO NOT BE ALARMED...
...THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.
THE PENALTY FOR TREASON, OF COURSE, IS DEATH.
NEXT: KING-5!
28

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PARANOIA xp

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..and BETTAR THAN EVAR!!!1! W00+!

The original authors of Paranoia, through grit, determination, and lawsuit fought hard and won the rights to Paranoia. Then they licensed it out. Mongoose Publishing is now selling copies of it's soon-to-be award-winning Paranoia XP.

Yes, Paranoia XP, chock full of the same 1984 meets Logan's Run meets THX-1138 meets Brazil meets the Marx Brothers meets Frankenstein meets Scooby Doo goodness that you've come to expect from Paranoia, but then kicked up a notch for the internet-riddled, dot-com failure, nightmare, post-911 era of Dee Snyder's Aughts, BAM!

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The third party would like to take this time to thank Mongoose Publishing for publishing Paranoia XP, and the authors of said book for bringing the greatest role-playing game of all time back for today's kids to enjoy.

STAY ALERT. TRUST NO ONE. KEEP YOUR LASER HANDY.

Edited by
Roadrunner!
Beep! Beep!